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# BRISCOE BRIEFS



*Tenth Anniversary Number*

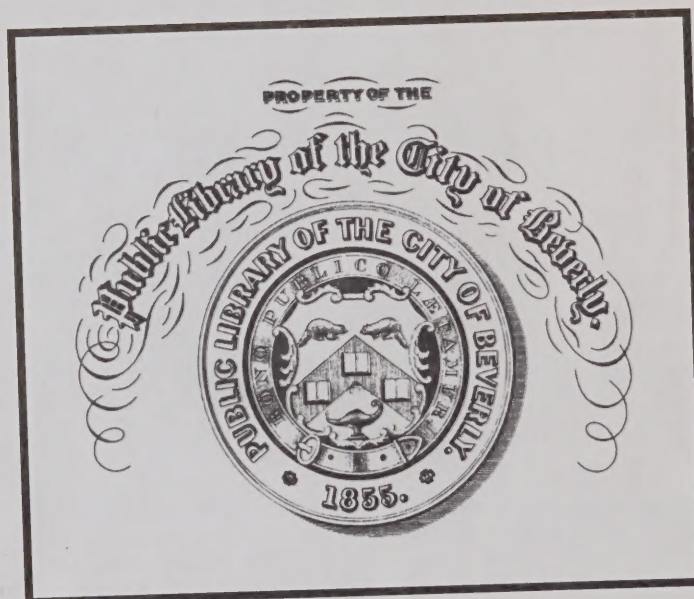
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A school paper issued semi-annually by the students of the Briscoe Junior High School  
Beverly, Massachusetts

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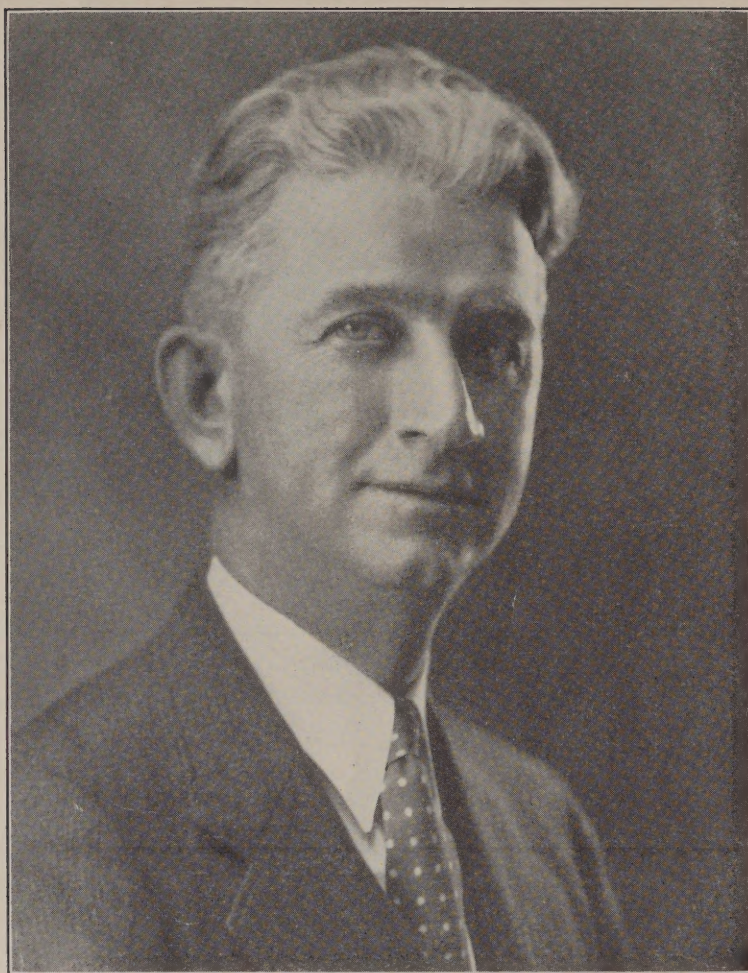


MEMBER OF THE COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

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MR. JAMES A. CRONIN



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N appreciation of his untiring efforts to make  
Briscoe a success throughout ten years of  
loyal service we respectfully dedicate this  
Tenth Anniversary Number of our magazine to  
James A. Cronin — our principal and friend.

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### James A. Cronin

JAMES A. CRONIN was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, June 10, 1897. He received his early education in the South Grammar School, after which he entered the Beverly High School and completed a five year course in college preparatory subjects. In his senior year he was elected president of his class.

After leaving High School he entered Salem Teachers' College where he specialized in Junior High School work. Here, again, he became president of his class. At the outbreak of the World War, Mr. Cronin enlisted in the United States Navy and was assigned to Harvard Ensign School; after four months of intensive training, he was commissioned as ensign in the Navy. In 1919 he was honorably discharged from service.

After studying the problems of the Continuation School at Hyannis State Normal School, he became one of the pioneers in this work, organizing at this time, the Beverly Continuation School.

In 1924, Mr. Cronin received his Bachelor of Science degree from Boston University, majoring in English. After completing courses and seminar in the problems of administration in the public schools, he received his Master of Education degree from Boston University Graduate School in 1931.

Mr. Cronin's experience as an educator covers approximately a period of sixteen years. From his first position, that of sub-master in the Hamilton High School, he returned to

Beverly to organize and direct the work of the Continuation School. In conjunction with this work, he was also principal of the Charles S. Brown School in North Beverly. During this time he was director of all Beverly playgrounds for a period of five years.

In 1923 when special guidance for High School students was advocated by leading educators, Mr. Cronin was called to the Beverly High School to organize this new work.

With the completion of the new High School building, the seventh and eighth grades of Beverly were united in the old High School building, and Mr. Cronin accepted the position of principal of the Briscoe School. Under his leadership and guidance, Briscoe now assumes her place among the other junior high school organizations in America.

Not only in the civic life of his boys and girls is Mr. Cronin interested. The same interests have lured him to many activities in the city. At the present time he serves his community as trustee of the Beverly Public Library, president of the Beverly Teachers' Association, director of the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He is a member of the New England Association of Football Officials. Very recently he was elected president of the Beverly Rotary Club.

Very fortunate are the boys and girls of Briscoe to have a man of Mr. Cronin's character and wide experience as their friend and principal.

— JOSEPH QUINN.

### "Briscoe"

"MY! how times have changed," exclaimed the Briscoe School to the Unitarian Church across the square. "Do you remember when everyone had to walk or travel in those slow carriages? Today, these noisy trolleys and busses go at such a terrific rate of speed, that they frighten me."

"Yes I know," replied the church, "but do you realize that nothing really exciting has happened around here for such a long time that it's getting terribly dull? Suppose you tell me your history, Briscoe, and how you came to receive your name. It will help to pass the time away."

"Well," began the school, greatly pleased, "I was named in honor of Robert Briscoe, a native of West England, who came to this country in 1660. Mr. Briscoe was first mentioned in the town records of Beverly in 1696, and again in 1700 when he became a member of the church. His wife, a descendant from a noble family of England, because of a family quarrel, decided to accompany her husband to this country much against her parent's wishes. The Briscoes lived in a large, roomy house, which stood opposite the first meeting house in Beverly.

"But," interrupted the church, "I have never heard of this house."

"That is because it was torn down in 1799. Let me continue. In 1712, Mr. Briscoe, who was now city treasurer, presented the town with a large bell, for use in the first meeting house in Beverly, and in 1720 he gave a



beautiful silver cup to the church. Mr. Briscoe was, indeed, a public-spirited man and his purse seemed always at the command of the public."

"But," questioned the church, "you have not told me what became of Mrs. Briscoe. Did she return to England?"

"No, poor woman! She died a few years after her journey to this country."

Mr. Briscoe was loved and honored greatly in this locality, and his death was mourned by many. A public street was named in honor of him. In appreciation of his services, the first grammar school in Beverly was named "Briscoe Hall".

This last remark was made with a great deal of pride and with good reason, for think how she has grown in the last ten years. She has become the school of the city, "our own Briscoe".

ALICE CASSELL.

### Beverly's Waterfront

FIFTY years ago Beverly's waterfront was alive with activity. Large clipper ships lined the docks. Many prepared for long voyages; others returned from the East, loaded with spices and silks for the many eager purchasers. Sloops started for fishing grounds while the morning was still dark and returned late at night overflowing with cod, halibut, flounder, and mackerel. The main street in those days was lined with stores and lodging houses.

Today in place of the clipper ships, large coal and oil steamers visit our docks. The wharves are old and broken down. Only remnants remain of the houses and stores that once lined the main thoroughfare. The fishing industry has practically vanished.

Aged sea veterans, once active on Beverly's nineteenth century waterfront, today sit on the wharves and recall the days when Beverly was the most important harbor in Essex County.

— EDWARD LINDBERG, 8-TW.

### A Snowvillage Auction

FOR days the notices of the auction of household goods at the old Thompson place had been posted in the village and surrounding towns, and immediately it became the chief topic of conversation.

The day of the auction arrived. Long before sunrise the farmers were busy with their chores, that they might get an early start. The lunch must be packed, Sunday clothes donned, and last of all, the horse harnessed.

The pounding of hoofs along the old, dirt road announced that the procession of vehicles had started. There were the old carryalls and single buggies containing elderly couples, who remind us for all the world of those who inspired the words to "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet."

Occasionally, automobiles would pass, some very ancient and dilapidated; others, up to date and shining, belonging, probably, to the summer visitors or tourists, always on the alert for antiques. All roads led to the Thompson place.

By ten o'clock a goodly crowd had assembled, and the auctioneer mounted a plank to begin his work. One piece of furniture after another was brought from the house and sold to the highest bidder—a beautiful, old, spool bed, ladderback chairs, Salem rockers, solid maple tables, a secretary and a highboy that would gladden the heart of any collector. Not to be ignored came the old fashioned framed mottoes, "God Bless Our Home" and "Home Sweet Home", the accumulation of a lifetime. In a few hours these wall pieces would be scattered about the country.

The noon hour called for the lunch boxes and a picnic followed. Interesting bits of conversation were overheard as both the auctioneer and buyers were discussed, or the life history of a valuable piece that had been sold for a song was related with much feeling.

The auctioneer provided many a laugh for his audience, and when the closing time came it was with regrets that all turned toward home, leaving the old house empty and bare.

WILLIAM WISEMAN, Div. 8-NTH.

### Scenes at the Wharf

COMING through a grape-festooned arbor a young couple walked slowly, closely followed by a youthful negro laden with boxes and bundles of every size and description.

The demure maiden clings to her lover's hand, as a sudden turn in the road brings them face to face with a gleaming blue harbor, upon which dance tiny boats that look like so many whitecaps. An affectionate but tearful embrace, and the gentleman is sent over the sea far from his love and home. As the boat sinks below the horizon, the weeping girl is led away, still waving her scrap of linen handkerchief at the ocean which rolls on unceasingly.

II. With a shout and whoop, a group of young boys clamber into a row boat which is to carry them to the waiting vessel in the harbor, jostling and pushing the more sedate passengers. One of the fellows darts off to rescue a wiggling mass of poodle that has been left on the shore. A bestreamered hat floats gayly off to sea until captured by a fish net. So, the steamer goes on its way, bearing joy and happiness to the other side of the wide ocean.

III. As the ship nears the fishing port the stately captain surveys, without interest, his prospective crew. These faces, as have those on former voyages, all appear as blanks to him. For one who has been commanding vessels for years this is not a pleasure trip, but just a voyage to make money to pay for bread and molasses for his family on shore.

—MARY BURKE, 8-TW.

### Food Sale

Under the direction of the seventh grade a food sale will be held on Thursday, June 6. The money raised will be for the benefit of the Briscoe Briefs Fund.





MR. STARR M. KING

PLANS for our Tenth Anniversary number of the *Briscoe Briefs* were developing rapidly when it was learned that a member of the staff was to interview Mr. King our new Superintendent of Schools. Each one secretly hoped that he would be selected. Finally, after many days of suspense, the eventful day approached, and to our astonishment, Jeannette Bagnall and I were chosen. We were perfectly delighted when we set out for Mr. King's office in the "Old Building", but as we approached the big door our courage oozed away, and when we found ourselves inside we both became speechless. However the cordial greeting which we received dispelled our fears at once. Mr. King talked to us as if we were old friends, and we acquired the following information:

Mr. Starr M. King, the newly-elected Superintendent of Beverly Schools, was educated at Massachusetts State College at Amherst, Massachusetts. After completing this course he continued his education at Rutgers College in Pennsylvania, the University of Illinois, and at Boston University. During this period his education was delayed by two years of war service.

Mr. King began his career at Deerfield Academy, where he taught science and athletics, continuing the same work later in the following High Schools: Newburyport and Malden, Massachusetts, and New Brunswick, New Jersey.

For the past seven years Mr. King has been superintendent of schools in Newburyport. He accepted the position in Beverly last fall and assumed his duties in January.

— ARTHUR MULDOON, 8-TW.

THE friendly manner in which we were received gave me courage to ask Mr. King for a photograph, hoping he would believe the occasion of our tenth anniversary worthy of a new one. He must have read my mind because he replied in a joking manner that if I hadn't accomplished anything else that morning my request had induced him to have his picture taken, which he seldom does, or cares to do.

"The opportunity must not pass," I thought, "without learning what he thinks, personally, of school publications." His reply to my question was very satisfactory—He thinks very highly of them. They give the pupils an opportunity to express themselves and he also pointed out, that by writing the activities of the school it keeps an accurate record of them. He added that he was very enthusiastic about the honor *Briscoe Briefs* had received in the Columbia Scholastic Press Association contest this year.

Mr. King's message to the graduates of *Briscoe* follows: "I hope that they'll continue to keep up their interest in school because there is going to be a greater demand for well educated people and very few opportunities for the uneducated and untrained."

He concluded by saying, "I am very proud of you," which made us very happy. How strange! We entered this man's office "with fear and trembling" we left feeling that he was no longer a stranger but a very true and close friend of all the pupils of Beverly.

— JEANNETTE BAGNALL





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### MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

IN September, 1925, it was my privilege to become the first principal of the Briscoe School, a position which I have held with much pleasure to the present time.

Many changes have taken place during the past ten years, the most significant of which are the progressive steps in education which we have accomplished.

Such success has been made possible by the cooperation of a loyal corps of teacher assistants and a happy and willing group of pupils. The help given to us by the school officials has been most gratifying.

Now on Briscoe's Tenth Anniversary, I feel that both teachers and pupils may be proud of our achievements.

I extend to the present eighth and ninth grade pupils best wishes for happy days at the High School and hope that they will always remember with pleasant thoughts the words of the school song:

"Here's to dear old Briscoe,  
Our hearts are thine."

—JAMES A. CRONIN

### OUR PRINCIPAL

FOR ten years Briscoe has flourished under the guidance and direction of Mr. Cronin. In that period our beloved principal has seen an ordinary seventh and eighth grade unit develop into a modern Junior High School. The program of a decade ago has been expanded to include many subjects which reflect modern trends in education. Many clubs enhance the social part of our school life. In the progress of this development, Mr. Cronin has always been the guiding spirit as well as sincere counselor.

Abiding by the laws of good sportsmanship his decisions in all matters have been fair, square, and just.

It is quite fitting that the class of '35", express their sincere appreciation of Mr. Cronin's accomplishment with the hope that Briscoe may enjoy many more years of his excellent leadership.

—ELIOT F. TOZER, JR., Division 8-NTH.

### TRIBUTE TO FACULTY

CLOSER draws the day when we no longer will be Junior High School pupils. As the good Ship, "Briscoe" sends out the motor launch "Diploma" with its cargo of eager boys and girls to the ship "High School", we wish to leave with the teachers and Mr. Cronin a parting word of thanks and appreciation for their friendly counsel and helpful advice during the last happy year.

We have profited immensely by the efficient instruction of the faculty of the Briscoe School, and hope to return this service in later years by becoming good high school students and desirable citizens of the United States. Realizing that our instructors would like nothing more in the way of thanks than to see graduates of Briscoe looking the world in the eye and steadily climbing to success, we will make a firm endeavor to carry the traditions of Briscoe to fame and glory.

—WALLACE WEEKS, 8-TW.

### TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF BRISCOE

AS we pass the tenth milestone in the career of Briscoe School we pause a moment to reflect upon its significance.

Ten years ago, in spite of seemingly overwhelming obstacles, the seventh and eighth grades of the city were grouped together in the old high school building.

The first classes established a stable foundation upon which great dream castles were built. The succeeding classes aspired to even greater heights and brought recognition and fame to Briscoe.

The fact that many who have graduated from Briscoe have received honors as they continued their education, and that others have secured valuable positions in the business world, proves the high scholastic standard attained by our school.

Under the guidance of the faculty, extra curricular activities have flourished as the growth of club nights has shown.

Behind the moving wheel, Mr. Cronin has stood clear-minded and ever ready to set wavering footsteps on the right path.

That intangible something which students know as loyalty and cooperation has been ever present among the many classes who have passed through the doors.

Now the class of 1935 joins all the others and becomes servitors paying homage to one mistress—Briscoe.

—MARY BURKE, 8-TW.



### In Memoriam

THE sudden death of Mrs. Julia M. Murray on January 18, 1935, brought sadness to Briscoe. For nine years Mrs. Murray held the position of matron at our school, and during that time became very popular with both students and teachers.

The loss of her sweet smile and cheery disposition is felt by all.

— ALICE CASSELL

### DESERTS

WHEN we study about Africa and the great Sahara Desert which covers the upper part of the continent we ejaculate, "What an awful place! I'd hate to live there!"

We little realize that the great dust storms in the western section of our country are fast making a desert of our own western prairies. During the World War many countries called ceaselessly for wheat, wheat, and more wheat. The war ended. Other countries planted their own crops, and sowed their own grain. Our land lay idle. Then came the drought. When the soil dried out the strong westerly winds blew all the top soil away. In China and Africa rich farm lands have been ruined in this manner. There is a way to prevent this and that is to sow grass seed and set out small trees whose roots will make the shifting soil firm again.

If remedial steps are not taken very soon we may find a desert in the heart of our own country.

— PHILIP SEAWARD, 8-TW.

### OUR LOYAL ADVERTISERS

DURING the past ten years the merchants of Beverly have responded generously to Briscoe's call for advertisements. Especially do the students of our school sincerely appreciate what they have done to make this Tenth Anniversary Number a success.

Many of the loyal merchants of Beverly never fail to answer the semi-annual call for help. Through this spirit of cooperation the student body and merchants have joined hands to raise the Briscoe Briefs to the high standards which it has attained.

Boys and girls—let's show our appreciation to our advertisers. You know how!

— ARTHUR F. MULDOON, Division 8-TW.

### THE SPIRIT OF BRISCOE

THE Spirit of Briscoe, the devoted mother of our school reigns! For ten, long, weary years she has carried on the work of distributing her good-will into the hearts of her faithful followers—the boys and girls of Briscoe. To the few who have not been faithful she has slowly made herself known through the pupils who believed in her.

She is present always—in our homerooms—in the assembly hall—in our classrooms and on the school grounds—always reminding us of her motto: "Play the game fair". Without this guiding spirit the pupils of Briscoe would find the journey through the Junior High School very different.

— JEANETTE BAGNELL, 8-NTH.

### WAR OR PEACE?

SEVENTEEN years have passed since the World War, the war to end wars. Men between the ages of eighteen and forty died by thousands in this conflict. If they didn't die they were either physically or mentally disabled for life. A pitiful few escaped unharmed. Now they are all but forgotten. Only one thing, Memorial Day, reminds the people of these men who gave their lives to a great cause.

The world must again decide between war or peace, but that task will not be for this generation. It is the coming generation, the boys and girls of today who will have to settle this international problem. Briscoe's pupils are among them, and may they stand stalwartly behind peace!

Peace should conquer,—and will!

— CHARLES ROBERTS, Div. 8-TW.

### MEMORIAL DAY

AT one time at least during the year, hearts are filled with gratitude for those who have made it possible for us to live in peace—Memorial Day! This day means much to our war veterans, who on that day show their love and respect for their fallen comrades.

Not many years ago the Grand Army Soldiers could be seen marching on parade, in honor of their dead. Year after year the ranks have grown smaller, until today hardly a veteran of the Grand Army of the Republic is able to march, and "Taps" have sounded over the graves of nearly all. The "Sons of Veterans" has been organized to see that their graves are always decorated on this memorable day.

Memorial Day was first started for the veterans of the Civil War—the Blue and the Gray. Since that time Memorial Day has taken on greater significance. Tribute is now paid to soldiers of all the Wars, as well as to relatives and friends who have passed on.

Let us do our part to keep this day sacred and thus pay a fitting tribute to our heroes!

— WILLIAM WISEMAN, Div. 8-NTH.

### FAREWELL TO BRISCOE

AS we enter the doors of Briscoe, there comes to our ears the refrain of *Fare Thee Well For I Must Leave Thee*, echoing and re-echoing through the cheery halls.

On to High School is the cry that now rises and it is taken up by class after class, with a very sincere and assuring ring. Another group of loyal sons of this noble institution go forth to accomplish deeds of brain and brawn.

Our days here have been indeed happy and worthwhile. Prepared to meet life by supervision of a truly capable and willing faculty and such an entirely thoughtful principal, this class shall surely direct only fame and commendation on the name of Briscoe.

Ever keeping in mind the counsel of Mr. Cronin and our teachers, we shall enter high school in the fall, determined to uphold the high standards they have set for us and resolved to make every day carry us a step closer to success.

— WALLACE A. WEEKS, 8-TW.



# POETRY

olive Hall

## A Princi(pal)

Tall and fair  
Wavy grey hair;  
Always willing  
His knowledge to share.

Helping to soften  
Our rough roads;  
Lending a hand  
With heavy loads.

His beaming smile  
Is like a dial,  
Guiding us onward  
Leading the while.

—WALLACE WEEKS, 8-TW.

## A Lesson

One time there was a little boy,  
Who was always full of fun and joy,  
Cared not he for work and strife,  
And that is the way he went through  
life.

John, his brother, was a different type,  
Homework and chores he did every  
night,

John forged ahead and I'm glad to  
say,

This brother is now earning very  
good pay.

So now I leave the decision to you,  
You have heard of each boy and know  
how he grew,  
So turn over a new leaf and begin  
anew,  
Work hard at whatever you do.

—ALBERT KLUGE, 8-SW.

## Class Song

Tune—"Isle of Capri"

'Twas here at Briscoe we first learned  
to play fair,

And it was here that we first played  
the game,

And though we now hate to leave  
dear old Briscoe,

We must march on to High just the  
same.

We now must say our goodbye to  
dear Briscoe,

And bid farewell to the faculty, too,  
Although we graduates all hate to do  
so,

We must go to a school that is new.

Now our stay at Briscoe's over,  
Our turn at the helm is through,  
And with faces that are sober,  
We bid Briscoe our sad adieu.

We now must say our goodbye to  
dear Briscoe,

And bid farewell to the faculty, too,  
Although we graduates all hate to do  
so,

We must go to a school that is new.

—ALBERT KLUGE, 8-SW.

## Briscoe

Your cheery halls and cozy rooms,  
Will not admit shadows of gloom.  
A little world of friendly folk,  
That still have time for play and joke.  
Wrongs are mended, Right rules,  
I salute you, Briscoe School!

—WALLACE WEEKS, 8-TW.

## The Racer

Gets his horse  
Ready to start;  
Waits for the signal  
With beating heart.

Off he goes  
At a mad pace;  
Rounds the corner  
Second in place.

On and on  
Right to the end.  
There you are,  
A winner again!

—DORIS NORMAN, 8-TW.

## Maid of Old Beverly

With apologies to Whittier

Blessings on thee, little lass,  
Shodded girl with hair amass.  
With thy ruffled pantelettes  
And thy cunning feline pets  
With thy red cheeks redder still,  
Fanned by breezes on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through the folds of silk and lace,  
From my heart I give thee bliss,  
I was once a carefree miss.

Queen thou art—the grown up dame,  
Only is a passing flame,  
Let the million dollared ride,  
You are Venus by his side,  
Thou hast more than he could buy,  
Fresh pink cheeks and sparkling eye—  
Outward sunshine, inward bliss,  
Blessings on thee little miss.

—IRENE SCHADE, 7-Ha

They wanted school colors that were loyal and true, So the pupils of Briscoe chose gold and blue. —Arthur Dennis



### The Traveler

Oh, single traveler on your way,  
Just a rolling stone,  
Do not think, with sad remorse,  
That you are all alone.

Keep to the right and plug along,  
And be a rolling stone,  
But do the right and trust in God,  
And you'll never be alone.

— WILLIAM MATTHEWS, 8-NTH.

### A Visit To The Principal

"Now look here girls and boys,"  
"You'd better stop all this noise,"  
"I'd think you were babies playing  
with toys."  
Are the very words of the principal.

"You've laughed and played and  
joked enough,"  
"Now it's time to show your stuff,"  
"You haven't any chance to blu-,"  
Are the very words of the principal.

He gave us just one more queer look,  
Then—closed the subject like a book,  
But out of his desk a strap he took,  
Would Mr. Cronin the principal ???

— ALICE LYMAN, 8-TW.

### A Summer Day

Snow white clouds creep cautiously  
on,  
Timid, like a frightened fawn;  
The green of the grass and the blue  
of the sky,  
Blend with the sun shining on high,  
I love the song of the singing birds  
Whose notes float like soothing  
words;  
The shiny beetle and the busy bee  
Stop to list to the song from the trees,  
Its tender refrain wavers on the breeze  
Rising and falling like the deep blue  
seas,  
All these wonders of God on display  
In just a single summer day.

— WALLACE A. WEEKS, 8-TW.

### For The Briefs

The teacher wants a good poem,  
The best you can write, for the Briefs,  
And if you cannot write 'em,  
Look out! you'll come to grief.

She also wants a paragraph,  
"A very good one," you know,  
One that will make the reader "laff",  
Or make their spirits low.

Just an article would be fine,  
Anything for that year book,  
But when she catches a glimpse of  
mine,  
I won't like that funny look.

— PHILLIP J. SEAWARD, 8-TW.

### The Tide

Many a day down on the beach,  
I've sat and watched the tide,  
The waves roll in and then wash back,  
Once more the sea to hide.

Many a time I've wondered where  
The tide really does go  
It only stays with us three hours  
Then to some other place it flows.

Maybe it goes to another beach  
In France or in far Japan  
But methinks the only way to know  
Is to journey to these lands.

— BETTY PEDRICK, 8-TW.

### The Rocky Coast

The waves crashed like thunder on  
the glistening rocks,  
And the foamy spray shot high;  
The sea was lashed by a torrent of  
rain,  
That fell from a darkening sky.  
The waves rolled in and covered the  
rocks  
That lay in deadly wait,  
For some poor fisherman and his boat,  
Who didn't deserve such a fate.

— A. CHEEVER CRESSY, 8-NTH.

### Gypsy Blood

Why must I linger here in my chair  
And long for cool winds to toss  
through my hair?  
To have the bright sun glaring right  
in my eyes,  
And to watch adventure as each day  
rolls by?  
Must I sit here studying art  
When I've art enough in my gypsy  
heart?

— MARY BURKE, 8-TW.

### Our Baby

Who was it came to our house,  
On a cold December day,  
Just a step ahead of Santa,  
And settled down to stay?  
Baby Sister.

Who was it touched our heart  
strings,  
With her little dimpled smile,  
And filled our hearts with gladness,  
That she'd come to bide awhile?  
Baby Sister.

Oh! you "kids" may have your play-  
things,  
You may have your books and toys,  
For I have all I wanted—  
I'm afraid I'll "bust" with joy—  
Baby Sister.

— BARBARA BRADLEY, 7-H.

### Roads

A road might lead you anywhere,  
To an old Atlantic shore;  
Or even to the topmost hill,  
Which many have yet to explore.  
A road might lead you into vales,  
Or through a meadow green,  
To an old witch's house beneath the  
hill,  
Where you and I've never been.

— SHIRLEY ANDERSON, 8-TW.

*Mr. Cronin is friendly and kind, A good friend did the students find. —Thomas Brotchie*



### Swimming

Hot summer days have come at last  
And with them lots of fun,  
For now we can go swimming,  
As our school work is all done.

We leap and prance across the board,  
Kersplash! we dive right in,  
Then we chase the other fellows  
And make an awful din.

We go splashing through the water,  
Reach out a hand to grab—  
But fate takes ahold of our toe,  
And we yell, "Ouch, a crab!"

—DAVID WOOD, 7-H.

### The Ship

"Oh, ship whither do you go  
Across the endless seas?  
What do you hear and see out there?  
Oh, tell me, tell me, please."

"I go where savages and kings,  
And terrible storms prevail,  
And whales and sharks,  
And ancient barques,  
Are driven before the gale."

"Oh, come and sail away, away  
Far across the sea,  
Where wild winds play  
Across your cheek  
And your soul is free, is free!"

—WILLIAM MATTHEWS, NTH.

### My Aim

My aim in life is not to be  
In plays, or sing in symphony,  
I don't want beauty, wealth, or fame,  
I just want to make it plain,  
I've played the game.

I want it said I've tried to do  
My duty, always and be true  
To my friend, my school, my town  
That I have never let them down.  
I've played the game.

—PRISCILLA PERKINS, 8-TW.

### The Rain

Drip, - drop, - Drip, - drop -  
Steadily, all day long;  
The rain keeps stealthily coming  
down,  
Singing this little song.  
Drip, - Drop, - Drip, - Drop.  
Dwindling,—now it falls,  
The rain is soon but a mist in the sky,  
And the world goes hastening by.

—CHARLES ROBERTS, 8-TW.

### Tulips

Tulips, tulips aren't they bright?  
Red and yellow, pink and white?  
Wrapped up in their leaves of green  
Make the beauty that is seen,  
From our hilltop far away,  
We can watch them all the day,  
Playing in the wind's own path,  
Getting from each rain a bath;  
When at night the sun is gone,  
The outside covers tight are  
drawn  
On these blossoms so unique—  
Too bad they last just a week!

—MOSES KNOWLTON, JR., 8-NTH.

### Privateers

Out of the harbor with sails all set  
Sailed the privateers of 1812.  
They were trim and sleek, this midget  
fleet,  
As they sailed toward the distant  
isles.  
They captured the Britishers, large or  
small,  
And they were hardly beaten at all,  
It was these little ships that sailed  
from our town  
And made Beverly a name of world  
renoun.

—EDGAR ELDRIDGE, 8-TW.

### Spirit of Briscoe

Nigh ten years  
Has she served us now,  
And unto her  
Today we bow.

For a decade now  
She has influenced our school  
And under her guidance  
We now mind all rules.

Yes! She's a spirit  
But easily found  
For the sense of Fair Play  
Proves she's around.

—JUNE ROGERS, 8-TW.

### Briscoe

I praise the name of Briscoe,  
Its principal faithful and true,  
Where teachers are willing to help  
you  
With lessons you have to do;  
Where pupils are honest and helpful,  
And willing to do all they can  
To make this school the most perfect  
Within or without our land.

—ROBERT TODD, 7-H.

### Our Principal

He's our friend,  
He's our pal,  
Briscoe's principal!

He stands for truth—  
A symbol of right;  
He promotes fair play  
With all his might.

He needs no strength,  
He requires no force,  
To steer us on  
Our rightful course.

We'll follow him  
To the end;  
He's our friend!

—ALBERT KLUGE





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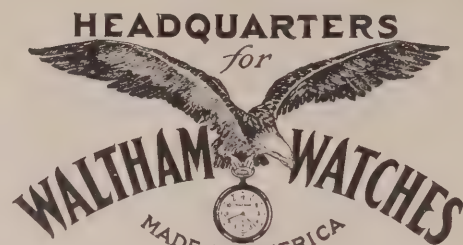
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